

Missions (i'm sooo creative)

by WouldntYouRatherBeAWidow

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Summary: Yeah this is my first fanfic, I think I'm mostly gonna post H.I.V.E ones, my name's Laura btw... erm in here Year 5 Alphas have to go on a mission in partners, Laura and Shelby are partners, I'm sorry if you were expecting Laura/Otto and Shelby/Wing, NO. I suck at summaries yeh this is not even a summary OK anyway READ ON TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENS NEXT. review pweaseeeee

1. Chapter 1- Bad Girls

****Yeah so this is my first fanfic, rated...idk even know what that means hwo about ... K? There will be another chapter...please review :D****

Dr. Nero stood in front of the excited Year 5 students, checking that everyone was there. This was an important announcement to make, and the failure to hear it would increase your chance of getting kicked out. A cough from him silenced them down.

>"Goodmorning Alphas," he said, the emotion in his voice absent. "I have brought you all here," he gestured at the floor with his hand, "to announce something". No surprise was shown on any face, always announced something. "But this is important". He saw faces move all around him. "This week, you will all go on a special mission with a partner. The chances of failing are low, but if you do, a special prize will be waiting for you". He gave them a unemotional, scary grin, and then continued. "If you have success, a prize as well. No-one will tell you what it is. You will find out soon enough. And remember," he said, giving them another deathly smile which sent a shudder through the crowd, "Curiosity kills the cat." Then he turned and walked away, leaving the nervous students to wonder about the things that had just escaped their headmaster's mouth.<p>

Laura and Shelby sat on their beds. They were partners and they had just found out about their mission: Steal the U.S.A's president's son, or persuade him to hand him over.

>"The chances of failing are low." Laura muttered. "More like high.

Very high". Shelby heavily nodded her head. They were in despair. In a conversation with them, had told them they could use nothing. No weapons. No grapplers. No pick-locks, completely nothing. Although he had given them 5,000 pounds, to spend on something which he had explained as a prop. Having no idea what he meant by that, the girls nodded and returned back to their room. Now they were sitting here, with nothing to do.
"C'mon Brand, we've gotta do something. We're supposed to depart tommorow." She kneaded her palms in her face. After a moments silence, she gasped. Laura straightened up immiedately.

>"What?" she said, expressions rushing through her face.
"A prop!" Shelby said, excitedly. "A prop! I know what we need!". It didn't make any sense to Laura.

>"We can't steal the kid," she said, talking to quickly. "You can't use anything that you will need." she mimicked Nero. "That means I can't break in, and you can't use your hacking skills. If we needed them. And we can't use weapons. But we can," she grinned, waving the money infront of Laura's face, "play the bad girls".<p>

2. Chapter 2- idk how to name this

It took hours of conversation and pleading from Shelby for the words 'ok' to come out of Laura's mouth.

"I still think it's a bad idea." She said, giving Shelby a worried look, who groaned.

"Do you have anything better to suggest?" she said, exhausted. Laura shook her head.

"Good." Shelby muttered.

The following day, they were woken up at 6a.m and taken to a hall. stood at the very front, ready to give out another speech. When everyone was seated, he started:

"Good morning," he said, his face stone, "As you all know, today is the day of your missions. I have some information to hand over". The Alphas nodded. "A piece of advice from me: Try to be careful. Do not fool around. It might cost you your life." Shock appeared on many faces.

"Yes, I guarantee you that H.I.V.E will not be flying for your aid all the time. This mission is to be done alone. We will watch, but do nothing to help. You might get killed. Depends on how clever you are". Somewhere in the crowd he noticed eyes widening.

"As I have already told Miss. Brand and Miss. Trinity, you cannot use anything which shall be useful. Especially no weapons.You have 5,000 pounds, spent on props." _ Frowns flowed through the room. "Something small," he whispered.

"Just a few more things," he said, "And then you will depart. The Shroud, which will fly you to the location of your mission, will be waiting for you at the same place where he left you. You will have three days to complete your mission. At 11 at night, you have to come back to it, no delays or the Shroud will fly off without you. And then you'll have to make your own way back. That's where to 5,000 comes in. Might be useful." Then he walked away.

The students retreated back to their rooms, now more scared than excited. Otto and Wing stood behind, wanting to ask a question. It was Raven that appeared first.

"You should be back in your rooms," she said, her voice smooth but hard like stone.

"We know." Wing said, indicating to Otto that it would be best if he led the conversation. "We just wanted to know something."

Raven nodded. "What?"

"Um, we wanted to know whether we have time to say goodbye to our friends. Since we're supposed to die," Otto explained, and he got a cold, unpleasant laugh from Raven.

"Oh I'm not sure you two will die," she said, not too reassuringly, "But no. You won't have time". Disappointment wafted the air.

"Although, according to my plans, Miss. Brand and Miss. Trinity will be flying with you. Same mission location."

Wing and Otto both grinned, but their smiles quickly faded away.

"What about our other friends?" Wing asked referring to Nigel and Franz. Raven put her hands on their shoulders and led them out of the room. "Bad luck boys," she said, a hint of mocking in her voice, "I guess you'll just have to pray they won't die," she whispered into their ears, and then left them.

End
file.